Read the Story On Back Cover that inspired the Writing of this Beautiful Song

POPULAR

LAY MY HEAD BENEATH A ROSE

A BALLAD

Words by
W. MADISON
Music by
G. FALKENSTEIN

Villa Moret Inc.
MUSIC PUBLISHERS
SAN FRANCISCO

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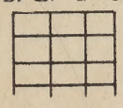
THIS COPY CONTAINS a Ray Canfield Symphonic UKE ARRANGEMENT

LAY MY HEAD BENEATH A ROSE

Tune Uke as follows:

B♭ E♭ G C



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Andante

mf *sempre legato*

E♭ F♯dim. E♭

Dar - ling press me to your
Dar - ling first you said you
He ___ has crossed the shad-owed

l.h. *rall.* *mp*

B♭ Suspension B♭7 G dim. B♭7

bos - om, As ___ you did in days of
loved me, When ___ you gave your hand and
val - ley, Where ___ the liv - ing wat - er

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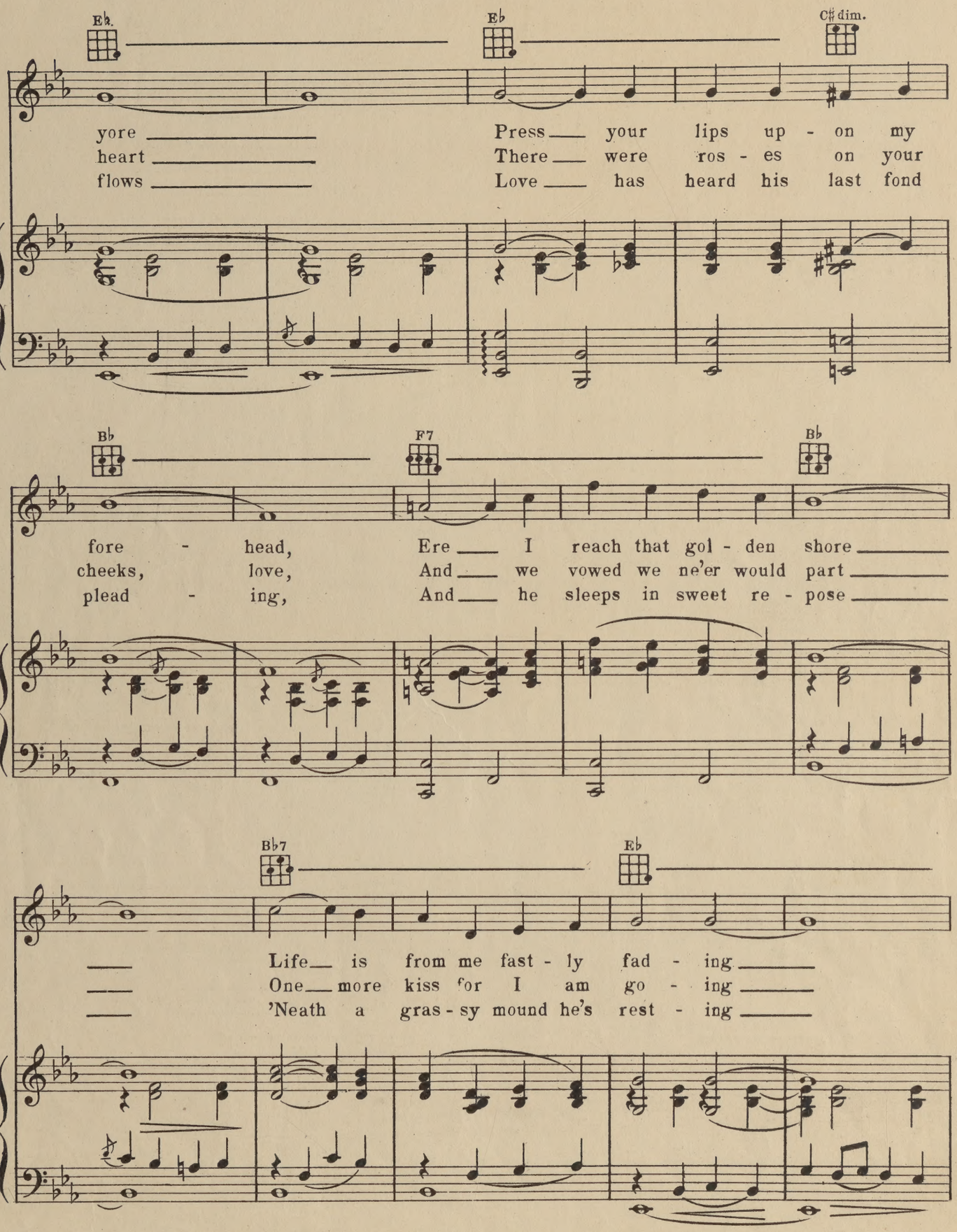
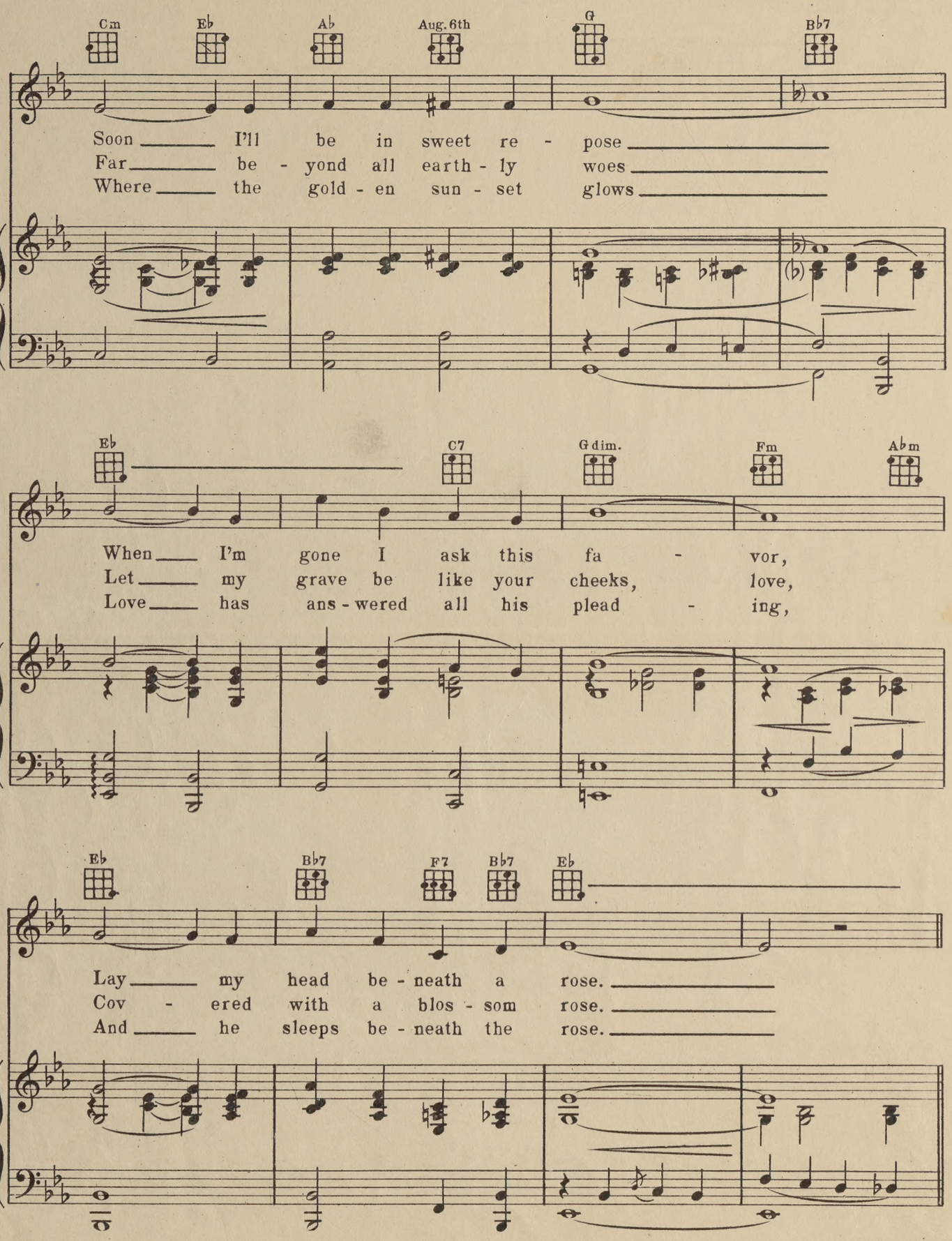

E♭
E♭
C♯dim.
yore
heart
flows
Press your lips up - on my
There were ros - es on your
Love has heard his last fond
B♭
F7
B♭
fore - head,
cheeks, love,
plead - ing,
Ere I reach that gol - den shore
And we vowed we ne'er would part
And he sleeps in sweet re - pose
B♭7
E♭
Life is from me fast - ly fad - ing
One more kiss for I am go - ing
'Neath a gras - sy mound he's rest - ing


Cm
Eb
Ab
Aug. 6th
G
Bb7
Soon I'll be in sweet re - pose
Far be - yond all earth - ly woes
Where the gold - en sun - set glows
Eb
C7
G dim.
Fm
Abm
When I'm gone I ask this fa - vor,
Let my grave be like your cheeks, love,
Love has ans - wered all his plead - ing,
Eb
Bb7
F7
Bb7
Eb
Lay my head be - neath a rose.
Cov - ered with a blos - som rose.
And he sleeps be - neath the rose.

Refrain

F7 Bb7 Eb

Lay me where sweet flow - ers blos som,

mf

F7 Bb C dim. Bb7

rall.

Where the dain - ty lil - y grows

rall.

Eb C7 Gdim. Fm Abm

a tempo

Where the pink and vio - lets min - gle

a tempo

Eb Bb7 F7 Bb7 Eb Abm Eb

Optional

Lay my head be - neath a rose.

l. h.

rall.

See back cover for Symphonic Ukulele Arrangement

The Story That Inspired the Writers of

"LAY MY HEAD BENEATH A ROSE"

As Given to us by Mr. Grant Falkenstein, the Composer.

He was a young landscape gardener, who was working his way through college. Long hours of study and the added burden of his other duties had seriously undermined his health and his physicians urged an immediate change of climate. A number of friends came to his assistance and he set out for California, that land of hope and promise.

On the train speeding westward he met a beautiful young girl, the daughter of a wealthy California rancher. She was homeward bound from an eastern university, and it was a case of love at first sight on the part of both.

He told her of his ambitions, of the struggles he had experienced in going through school, of his financial difficulties and of his doctor's advice. Love is a willing listener, so many plans were laid during that journey westward and soon after they parted at the Fresno station, he received a note from her requesting his presence at her home where a great surprise awaited him.

He was amazed at the beauty of the country home nestled in a clump of redwoods, with glossy slopes of verdure running in every direction. Miles and miles of blossoming orchards and fertile fields. His artistic eyes wandered dreamily over this sea of beauty and a longing came over him to mould this nature's paradise into the show place of the world. What a landscape it was and what a spot for a garden!

He was introduced to her father, another man who had struggled through the hardships of pioneering. The girl had told the story to her father and everything was set for the big surprise. So it came about that he was engaged to beautify the grounds surrounding the homestead and to continue on in this delightful work. What aspirations and dreams come true! The girl he loved, the work he loved and in a land of radiant sunshine.

Soon, under his skillful direction, the work was done and people came from everywhere to see it. She was fond of roses, so every variety known was grown in the gardens. One certain rose, a deep red one, created by him, was her favorite, and every morning early she would meet him there where dewy buds and full blown roses delighted their eyes and filled the air with wondrous fragrance.

They were happy, so very happy, too happy perhaps, for Fate was against them and he was taken seriously ill, an illness that even his great desire fulfilled, could not stem. The tide was too strong and he was ordered to the desert country of southern California before the rainy season set in. There were smiles through tears at parting, sweet tears of hope and vows unending, and then he left her and the perfume of red roses lingered in the golden sunset.

Daily letters came and went and hope ran high, but soon the missives became rarer and finally came a short letter written by the feeble hand of one who had given up the fight, one who yields to a stronger force. "Dearest love," it read, "I seem to feel that I shall not see you again. Perhaps, sweetheart, our love was too deep, too great to be realized in this life and yet I know it can never die, but shall surely live on in another world and another life. I shall await you there and you must not grieve, but find consolation in the midst of the paradise of flowers with which I adorned your home, that was to be our home. I have only one wish and I know you will see that it is carried out. Let my final resting place be near you, and LAY MY HEAD BENEATH A ROSE."

—THE PUBLISHERS.